

*business
review*

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It happened that this man had been doing the lottery business for a long time. He was very unwilling to tell about it. But I absolutely promised him that no one would come and investigate and that no one would make trouble to him. He stopped working at the business for a long time now. It was only after a great deal of promising on my part that he finally consented to tell.

Let us take a trip down to Chinatown. The observer will see men sunning themselves in the bright sunlight. Children are playing on the streets. Old women with bound feet are going home after shopping in the stores. In the cigar stands a group of oriental and Filipino boys are gathered around the dice trying desperately

to win a few dollars. Old men are sitting on doorsteps smoking long pipes.

Night draws near. The streets instead of being deserted are more crowded than ever. Through the noise of the streets one could hear the rattling of the mah jongs as men gathered to gamble. The stores are brightly lighted. A group of boys stands in the corner whispering. Innocent persons are coming out of dark houses. To one who has been accustomed to seeing such things there is nothing strange in it. To others it is mysterious.

Most of us have the opinion that a Chinaman is an opium smoker working in a laundry shop speaking such things as "me likee, me no likee". Also that he walks around in hopping steps with a pig tail hanging on the cranium. That is the Chinaman of the imagination. It is not the Chinaman of real life.

Before we come to any conclusion as to what so many people are doing in the lottery business let us stop awhile and listen to one who had a great deal of experience in it. This man had been in the business for over ten years. He has three children. The youngest one is a girl just hardly twelve years of age. The youngest one is about nine. All of them go to the Lincoln School.

The man and the wife are both born in China. They came over to America in 1920. The man is thirty-five. The woman is thirty-four. They have been married for more than fifteen years. Their first child died a few minutes after birth.

The man married in China. And like any other married man he brought his wife over here to live. They had many friends over here in Oakland. They went into business almost immediately. They bought a store down by the waterfront in Oakland. For a store that was a very poor location. But it made enough to provide a good living. The store did most of its business from people who came over on the ferry boats.

The years rolled by. During that time the wife gave birth to three children. A girl and two boys. Expenses were a great deal more than before. The man's father was living with the family. The man needed more money to take care of his family.

He knew two friends who were in the lottery business. The three of them finally got together and started a company. The first five years of the business was very good indeed. Each month it was possible to make for each person more than enough for expenses. Business was getting to be so good that it was finally necessary to hire an extra man to help with the job.

Many, many persons were jealous of the success of the company. All were trying desperately to get some of the company's business.

Now something happened to cause this company to separate. Two of the men were cheating. The other two were honest. So honest in fact that it was not until many years later that the company was separated.

Finally the one big company was separated into four different companies. Ever since then each one of the companies has been

losing money. Together they hold, separated they fall.

This man finally abandoned the business completely because he had been losing money for a long time. The other three tried desperately to go on. Only one of them managed to do a little business. The other two kept going on hoping they might somehow make enough for a living.

Everyone of these people does not think of the lottery business as one of vice. They do not think of it as a gambling game. To them it is a profession like any other profession. To them it is a means of making a living. To them it is the difference between starvation and food. They go into the business not to make a great deal of money. It is not a racket to them. They know fully well that it is against the law. But that is not the important thing to them. They go on year after year doing the same work. It is the only thing that they could do. They have no other work to do. It is hard to find a good job with good wages. So they struggle on.

The man was telling the truth when he said: "I'm glad that I'm through with the business. The business is so indefinite. It is not like working for a wage. In other work we know definitely what amount we get each month. But in this business no one could tell. Some months are better than others. One month we make money. Another, we lose money. All we could hope to do is to hope. And that is not all. We had a great deal of expenses. And there is no time to rest. We work on Sundays like any other day. Only on important days do we have any rest at all.

"When I was working at the company, we were always busy. We never had a moment of rest. Many people accused the lottery business as one of crookedness. But the truth is that the people who bought the tickets are the real ones to be called crooks. Time and time again we were cheated by people who were smarter than we were. The methods in which they cheated us were uncanny. All kinds of methods were used. And many times the crooks got away with the money. Sometimes the cheaters refused to admit that they were the ones who were cheating; they insisted that the company was the one to blame. There was a great deal of trouble whenever anything of this sort happened."

"Did you like to work at the lottery business?"

"It was a dangerous business. Also it was a very strenuous business. People who are weak could not work at it. The long hours of work would be too much for them."

"What are your reasons for leaving the business?"

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stopped working at the lottery."

"Do you manage to get along in the work that you are doing now?"

"Whenever a person has children there are expenses. My case is no exception. We have to worry about food, clothes, and rent. It is not an easy thing to get along these days. I considered myself very lucky if I make enough to provide for the expenses of the family. We do not waste money on this and that. We spend only when absolutely necessary."

The man has a brother living in San Francisco. He too, used to work in the lottery business. And he too, also stopped working at it. People who had had experience in the business all agreed that anyone who went in the lottery business was a fool. They know by actual experience that it was not an easy job. Money did not come flying in as expected. In its place instead were worry, hard work, struggle. Other people thought that it was one easy job. And like fools they went into the business to make money. Others went into the business not to make money but for a living. They are a pathetic group. They worked and they worked and for return, sometimes, they received nothing.

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into the lottery game. Now nothing in the world would make him go into the game again. He knows too well the complications and trouble involved in it.

Now all of those worries are gone. The man is working at the present job and getting along very well. Even though he does not make much at least he knows how much he gets each month and he could determine his expenses this way.

A Business or a Racket?

Free
for
Don't forget
W.P.
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Let us take a trip down to Chinatown. [Webster and Eight ^{and} ~~is~~ the important streets in the town.] The observer will see men sunning themselves in the bright sunlight. Children are playing on the streets. Old women with binded feet are going home after shopping in the stores. In the cigar stands a group of oriental and Filipinos boys are gathered around the dices trying desperately to win a few dollars. Old men are sitting

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Night draws near. The streets instead of being deserted are more crowded than ever. Through the noise of the streets one could hear the rattling of the mah jongs as men gathered to gamble. The stores are brightly lighted. A group of boys stands in the corner whispering. Innocent persons are coming out of dark houses. To one who has been accustomed to seeing such things there is nothing strange in it. To others it is mysterious.

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It was a men's clothing store. It ^{sold} ~~selling~~ only men's clothing. Men's overalls, gloves, underwear, and shirts.

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He knew two friends who were in the lottery business. The three of them finally got together and started a company. The first five years of the business was very good indeed. Each month it was possible to make for each person more than enough for expenses. Business was getting to be so good that it was finally necessary to hire an extra man to help with the job.

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Now something happened to cause this company to separate. Two of the man were cheating. The other two were honest. So honest in fact that it was not ^{until many} ~~a~~ years later before the company was separated.

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cause he had been losing money for a long time. The other three tried desperately to go on. Only one of them managed to do a little business. The other two kept going on hoping they might somehow make enough for a living.

Everyone of these people does not think of the lottery business as one of vice. They do not think of it as a gambling game. To them it is a profession like any other profession. To them it is a ~~mean~~ of making a living. To them it is the difference between starvation and food. They go into the business not to make a great deal of money. It is not a racket to them. They know fully well that it is against the law. But that is not the important thing to them. They go on year after year doing the same work. It is the only thing that they could do. They have no other ^{work} to do. It is hard to find a good job with good wages. So they struggled on.

The man was telling the truth when he said, "I'm glad that I'm through with the business. The business is so indefinite. It is not like working for a wage. In other work we know definitely what amount we get each month. But in this business no one could tell. Some months are better than other. One month we make money. Another, we lose money. All we could hope to do is to hope. And that is not all. We had a great deal of expenses. And there is no time for rest. We work on Sundays like any other day. Only on important days do we have any rest at all.

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Time and time again we were cheated by people who were smarter

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"What are your reasons for leaving the business?"

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"I am working in a restaurants as a cook. I make salads and pies and cakes. It is much better than working in the lottery business. Here the hours are not long. We could rest on Sundays. We do not have to worry. Every month I know how much I am going to get. We do not have to worry about the thousand little things that bothered us in the lottery business. Besides the work is not so strenuous and hard. It is indeed fortunate for me that I stopped working at the lottery."

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provide for the expenses of the family. We do not waste money on this and that, we spend only when absolutely necessary."

The man has a brother living in San Francisco. He too, used to work in the lottery business. And he too, also stopped working at it. People who had had experience in the business all agreed~~ed~~ that anyone who went in the lottery business was a fool. They know by actual experience that it was not an easy job. Money did not come flying in as expected. In its place instead were worry, hard work, struggle. Other people thought that it was one easy job. And like fools they went into the business to make money. Others went into the business not to make money but for a living. They are a pathetic group. They worked and they worked and for return, sometime, they received nothing.

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THE LONG LOST BOY

There was once a famous king who had been childless for many years. Therefore, when he was informed that the queen was to give birth to a child, he was overjoyed.

A guard living at the court, hated the queen and was continually looking for some opportunity to vent his hatred against her. So, on the night the child was born—it was a boy—he secretly stole the child and substituted for him a cat. When the king went to see his little son and saw instead, the cat on the bed near the queen, he was greatly agitated. The treacherous guard thereupon spoke up and said, "You see, Your Majesty, your wife has been unfaithful. She has borne you not a son but a cat."

The king was distraught. He stormed and raged like a wild man. He could hardly believe the tragedy that had befallen him for he had always trusted the queen, and yet he was unable to deny the evidence of his own eyes. The more the king raged, the greater was the guard's pleasure. Finally the king shouted, "The queen is queen no longer; my wife is my wife no longer. Take her away!"

So the guards carried the queen away and took her to a place far from the king's palace. She was tired and weak and no one brought her food or drink. At length, she arose and went in quest of food. As she was passing near a small house, she heard a baby wailing and

saw nearby, a new-made grave. She entered the house and there found a new-born baby, all alone. She cooked food for herself and, as her strength returned, picked up the baby and rocked him in her arms, weeping over the tragic fate that had befallen her.

The queen then took up her life in that small house with the boy, who knew no other mother. She never told him that she was the queen and not his mother, because it was not necessary. She loved the boy as if he were her own son and he, in turn, loved her. As he grew up the boy worked hard and faithfully in a garden they had planted, gathering and selling vegetables in the market-place every day. He made enough money to take care of his mother. They were never rich but, on the other hand, were never poor and were fairly contented.

One day the son found his mother crying bitterly. "What is wrong, mother?" asked the boy.

"I have lost my sight and can see nothing clearly. Yesterday, I could see a little; today I can see nothing," replied the weeping woman.

"Do not cry, mother, I shall take care of you. I will not let you suffer."

"I know you will care for me, my son. You are a good son." And she cried and cried and cried.

It so happened that one day, as the son was selling vegetables in the market-place, a group of the young king's guards rode up with the high priest. As they galloped swiftly by, a gust of wind blew the high priest's hat from his head and tossed it about. It came to rest, finally, at the boy's feet and he saw that it was the hat of a person of importance.

At that moment one of the guards came up and demanded, "What do you mean by stealing the high priest's hat? I shall arrest you and let the high priest decide what to do with you."

Soon the high priest rode up and asked for an explanation. The boy said, "I did not steal your hat. When it was blown from your head, it stopped at my feet. We are poor people, but we do not steal."

"Where do you live?" asked the high priest.

"I live with my blind mother over the hills," the boy replied.

The high priest picked up the boy, placed him before him on his horse and soon they were at the mother's house. When she heard the sound of horse's hoofs, she came quickly to the door and called out, "Who is there?"

"It is all right, mother, it is the high priest and his men."

A peculiar expression came over her face as she heard this and she said, "The high priest and his men? What do they want?"

The high priest said, "Nothing is wrong. Do not worry. I met your son down the road and he told me he had a poor blind mother. I wish to help you." So the high priest gave her money and then rode away.

The mother kept muttering, "The high priest! The high priest!"

The next morning she told her son that she must talk to the high priest on a matter of importance and bade him go to the palace and ask the high priest to come to her. The boy did as he was told and the high priest promised that he would come.

The next day, however, the high priest happened to be very busy and could not go to see the woman, so he sent an assistant, telling

him, "Remember the old woman is blind. Announce yourself as the high priest and listen to what she has to say." So the assistant, obeying his superior's instructions, went to see the old woman and when she asked, "Are you really the high priest?" he answered, "I am." Then the old woman said, "Come closer to me so that I may hear you better." When he was near she touched his back and said, "You are not the high priest. That I know because he has a lump on his back."

"No. I am an assistant. The high priest could not come and he sent me to hear what you wished to say."

"My words are for the high priest alone. I must see him and only him, for it is important."

The next day the high priest came. The old woman felt his back to make certain if he were truly the high priest and then said suddenly, "I am the queen." She told him the story of the treacherous guard's hatred and her disgrace.

The high priest remembered the scandal when the queen had been turned out of the palace and promised that he would help punish the guard. The next day he took the old woman and her foster son to the palace and said to the young prince, "This is your mother."

"She is not my mother. My mother died when I was born. Indeed, this blind and poor woman is not my mother," insisted the prince.

"Nevertheless, she is your mother. If you will lick her eyes she will no longer be blind," replied the high priest. "Come and I will prove to you that she is your mother." The high priest led them outside. He offered a prayer and immediately the sky changed and the prince saw a sign in the sky and knew then that this was indeed his

mother. When the high priest had told the young prince the story of that fateful night when his mother was turned out of the palace in disgrace, the son licked his mother's eyes and she was blind no more.

The guard who had caused so much trouble and suffering was, however, still to be punished. So the high priest went to him and said, "The old queen has returned to the palace."

"The old queen? And what is that to me?" asked the man. He denied his guilt, although he was accused by many persons who identified him as the culprit.

At last the high priest decided on a plan. He ordered his men to beat the guard until he was dazed. Then the high priest blackened his own face and his men decorated themselves with horns and tails. When the guard awoke he thought he was in hell, for there sat the black-faced ruler and all his crew. The black-faced ruler asked if he were guilty of the crime against the queen and the guard boastfully admitted his guilt. Then the high priest and his men removed their disguise and the guard knew he had been tricked.

The guard was immediately executed and the old queen lived again in the palace. Her foster son was made one of the judges of the court and happiness reigned throughout the land.

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F. was born in a small village of Chung Shan District, in Canton, about 1900. There were two or three hundred households in the village, mostly peasants, though there were a few small businessmen.

When F. was very young his father left for England, and afterwards supported the family by sending them four or five pounds monthly in British currency. Under these circumstances the living conditions in his family were much better than those of the other villagers. So fortunate were they that when he was six years old he had the opportunity to go to a private school and learn to read and write, the charge being from six to nine dollars annually.

When he was eleven years old a break of bad fortune came into his family: his father died and left them only ten mu's of very poor land. Three years after this the financial condition of the family was so bad that F. had to stop his education. His mother worked at weaving day and night, and made from this a few cents a day. F. started to work as a cow boy in his uncle's rice fields; here he received his meals, but no wages.

A year later he was recommended by a friend to work in a Canton hotel as a house cleaning boy. The hotel was a small one with only three stories and was owned by a man who had been a close friend to his father. He worked more than fourteen hours a day cleaning and sweeping. This general work was difficult for F. who had had no such experiences before this. He had never been in the city, though many times he had envied those who

did.

After he began working in the hotel he was very seldom able to visit his home because it cost more than two dollars for the trip from city to village. Only on the New Year's holidays did he go home, taking gifts to his mother and brother.

He worked at this job for over four years. His wages were one dollar a month, with room and board given him. Only in the last year of his work were the wages increased from one dollar to fifteen a month.

At the age of twenty-one F. married the youngest daughter of the hotel owner. The whole thing was arranged by his mother, and cost F. more than six hundred dollars, part of which went to the parents of the bride, and part towards the ceremonies and the banquet. Two years later a daughter was born.

At the age of twenty-four he had an opportunity to come to America. This he considered good fortune. He had dreamed of America for many years; he had known many people who found the great wealth there and returned with their share of it. He sold the ten mus of land his father had left for two thousand dollars, and borrowed another two thousand from a relative for the trip to America, which he promised to pay back within a year at eight percent interest. He crossed the Pacific, spent two months in Angel Island with the immigration authorities, and landed in America asking the question "Why do the Americans call that place 'Angel' Island?"

He became a farmer in the United States. Since his English is rather poor, he has seldom had the opportunity of getting a good position.

In 1928, the year his mother died, he returned to China with only five hundred dollars. He stayed there for six months and all of his savings were gone. Then in 1929 he returned to America. Unfortunately the economic crisis was hanging over the United States, and F., as did so many others, suffered from unemployment and hunger. For almost two years he had no regular job, and never once was he able to get five dollars a month for rent and the gas bill.

Now F. is working in a restaurant as a dishwasher. He receives thirty dollars a month, but is greatly troubled by his debts. He doesn't know how long he can remain in such a position. He says sincerely: "My debts will probably be paid back by either my son or my grandson."

Z. was born in China in 1881, the son of a Yaman, or a runner for a magistrate. Whenever a summons to court was issued, or an order for an arrest was made, his father was dispatched to see that these orders were carried out. Since he possessed considerable influence with the magistrate, he was in a position to obtain through graft considerable money from those who wished favors from the magistrate; and in this manner he was able to amass a large fortune.

Z. was sent to school at an early age, and by the time he was fourteen had completed his preliminary education. He was sent then to Peking, a considerable distance from his home, to complete his higher education. There he spent three years studying the classics, after which he received word to return home at once.

On his arrival he found that the magistrate for whom his father had worked had died, and that the newly appointed one, desiring to place one of his own relatives in the favored job of Z.'s father, had lodged charges of graft against his father. His father turned over a large part of his wealth to him, paid an important personage to issue a passport for him, and thus smuggled him out of the country on a freighter.

Z. arrived in San Francisco in 1899 with much money but little experience. He reported to a relative to whom his father had given him a letter.

Three months after his arrival word was received from China that things had become so bad for his father that he had committed suicide. The rest of his money had been con-

fiscated by the new magistrate. There was nothing for Z. to do about this tragedy but remain in the United States and try his hand at making a fortune.

But Z. was not a good businessman. He was lazy, and liked nothing better than a good time all the time. After several years of careless spending and no work, the large fortune left him by his father was entirely gone. He was forced to look for work. He first obtained a position as a clerk in a curio store, and here he worked, but not regularly, for he could not force himself to the life of much work, little money, and few recreations.

During the winter of 1933 he was forced to register with the C.W.A. He obtained a pick and shovel job at the George Washington High School site and worked for several months. After this he was forced to go on relief, and in September was given work by the S.E.R.A. At this he made just enough for his simplest needs.

Z. realizes the mistakes of his youth, but claims he has had a good time, and enjoyed every minute of his wastefulness. He has retained to this day his sense of humor, and he boasts that he is still the life of the party. He has no definite plans for the future, has no security, and will probably continue for the rest of his life as a part-time worker without a trade.

Fong has always been a doctor of herbs, as were his father and grandfather before him. His two brothers likewise took to the same profession. The story of Fong's coming to America is not so complex as it is with many of his countrymen. He had a definite occupation and in the new country found a place for his services.

Born in Ho Cheung in 1877, Fong saw from his boyhood the intimate workings of the art of herb treatment for disease; as he grew older he learned all of the special secrets and techniques from his father, Long Fong, who still practices in his native village.

Ho Cheung is like most Chinese villages in its neighborhood, though perhaps it is more compact than most villages of larger size. This is due to the fact that most of the inhabitants are closely related and members of the same family.

Ho Cheung, though located some one hundred and twenty miles from Canton, has been very fortunate in its peaceful history. Fong declares that there has seldom if ever been an occasion to take precaution against bandits and marauders, although there are great numbers of such people roving through much of China. It was never necessary to build a wall around the place in the typical fashion, and in the limits of the village there has, in the main, always existed a noticeable peace.

The village is governed by an elder, the oldest of the line of Cheungs, wherefrom the place gets its name. This elder, according to Fong, regularly elects members of the family to act as special policemen, to see that order is maintained, and Ho Cheung goes along its peaceful way though its way can hardly be called progressive.

Fong's long acquaintance with herbs makes him an adept in his line, though the man does not employ an involved system of treating his patients. He looks upon herbs as simple remedies to be used in a simple manner, a practice adhered to by his father and his grandfather before him. Fong's knowledge of herbs comes from a native familiarity. He himself has gone to the mountains to search for the precious roots. He knows how they grow on the steep mountain slopes of China.

Some roots are naturally more valuable than others, and Fong recalls that in searching for some varieties many precautions were taken in order that the herbs might not be stolen after they had been found. Such a root is ginseng, and whenever the Fongs went searching for this root they did so in a party which was formidable enough to resist bandits if any set upon the herbalists in an effort to take what roots they had found.

The ginseng is most valuable in certain forms and is reputed to have a greater power when shaped most like the

form of a man. A perfect root is, in fact, the gnarled image of a man with arms akimbo, and the price for such a find sometimes mounts into several hundreds of dollars. Fong believes implicitly in the power of his herbs.

Fong's education, (outside his home, where he learned the science of herbs,) consisted of a simple schooling at the local school attended by the other children of his village. There he was taught to write and to read the simple classics, and in all, he attained an education equivalent to a high school training in the United States.

At the age of 21, Fong felt that the little village of Ho Cheung was becoming crowded with herb doctors, there being at the time four such practitioners living in his own home -- his grandfather and his father and his two brothers. So Fong went to Canton and associated himself with an herb distributing organization which sent its representatives to all parts of the world. This organization found Fong a well-equipped doctor, capable of taking the science to the United States, and he was accordingly prepared for his new work, and left for the larger port city of Hong Kong, coming thence over the Pacific to San Francisco.

In San Francisco he set up his shop in Chinatown, ~~and~~ ^{where,} though the going was difficult at first, he managed to build up a practice which sustained him in the same location for

twelve years. He heard from time to time, however, that other cities of America were receptive to the Chinese method of treating disease, since many of his fellow Chinese doctors had spread a knowledge of the virtues of herbs and Americans were coming to them for aid. The conviction grew in Fong's mind that he might do better in some city of the interior where there was less competition and richer patrons.

Leaving San Francisco he went to the state of Oregon, but after trying for six years to establish himself in several cities there he quit Oregon. His next residence was in Salt Lake City, Utah, but he remained there only one year. Likewise he abandoned an infant practice in Pocatello, Idaho, after making a new attempt, which took another year. He finally decided he had had enough of the inland cities and again made his way to the west coast.

He had heard something of the delightful climate of Southern California and also had heard that Los Angeles was considered a prosperous, advancing city. And since he had never cared for San Francisco he came, directly to Los Angeles to make a new attempt in his profession. His coming to Southern California was successful from the start, and very soon after his arrival Fong had decided that here he would make his home.

Here he married a Chinese girl. She was much younger

than Fong, who was thirty-nine years of age at the time. Within a year after the ceremony she bore him a son. Fong's joy on the arrival of a son was great, but shortly after, his domestic tranquillity was ended because his young wife, who felt that her duty to her husband had been completed in the bearing of a son, took to frivolities "more in keeping with the manner of Americans of lower rank than with the dignity of a Chinese matron."

Fong stood the domestic discord as long as seemed possible. Then, after eight years, he divorced his wife. His grounds were that she was too inattentive to her home, and altogether incompetent in the rearing of their son. The court must have found his complaint justified, as Fong was given custody of the child.

This son was graduated from high school, and, according to the father, is a model young American who hopes to get a thorough American education; he is not in the least neglecting his Chinese education, however, and the boy has a desire to return, for at least a visit, to the home of his ancestors.

Fong, who became a Christian in 1913, was very happy to see his son adopt the Presbyterian Church as his religious preference in this, his adopted, and his son's native, country. It is a sign of Americanization. Then, too, Fong explains that he finds little difference between the Christian be-

lief and the precepts of Confucius, ^{which} ~~where~~ were taught to him in his native Chinese village. It appears he adopted Christianity because it was more expedient to his life in America, while being ~~almost~~ precisely the same moral formula as that of Confucius.

It is apparent that this is Fong's principle of living. It is necessary only for him to have a code, the practice of outward forms of worship amounting to little in his mind. His code of living is based upon ethics, ethics grounded in the traditional cardinal virtues of the Chinese. Though he is an elder in the Presbyterian church, Fong says he seldom "gets around to the church." His belief is primarily Confucian, though now it bears the title of Christianity because he is an American citizen, an arrangement which shows well the man's innate Chinese diplomacy.

Fong has no intention of ever returning to China to live. He finds Los Angeles entirely to his liking and as his living has been more than comfortable since he took up residence here, he feels that his life is as secure as is possible. It is obvious that he lives almost entirely for the son, one example of this being his reticence in mentioning his divorce for fear that the scandal would reflect upon the good name of his boy.

Fong does not seem to have a great love for the land of his birth, although the filial respect for his father, which he

shows in his talk about the old man, makes it apparent that he was a model son. He says that someday he may take his son back for a visit, that the boy may see the land of his ancestors, though he disclaimed any desire on his own part to make the trip for the sake of again enjoying the scenes of his childhood.

C VIII

in the early days before there were many Chinese on the islands of Hawaii a Cantonese merchant and landowner from a small village near Hongkong came there with his first wife. He traded with the natives in the interior of the islands. Both man and wife learned the native tongue. After a few years, his wife having borne him two children, the father returned to China with his family.

Establishing the first wife and children in his homeland he returned to his Hawaiian interests, which had been left in the care of a partner. This time he was accompanied by a new wife. By this wife he had three children, two boys and a girl. After a stay of about ten years he proceeded, as before, with his family to China. After a few years he returned again to Hawaii, with a third wife. From this union came two children, both girls.

During this last stay in the islands--for he returned again to China---he decided to provide for himself and his family a more suitable home than those existent in the Cantonese village. He ordered this constructed during his absence and completed before his return. An uncle residing in the village was to have charge of the building. Two sets of plans were drawn up by the uncle and sent him. One was of three distinctly private apartments, for the

three wives, under a common roof. The other was a great house that offered complete and separate segregation of the families only in the matter of kitchens, of which there were many. The father sent instructions that the former be built. By some mischance, the latter, of the many kitchens, was built. In it still reside the remaining members of the family. The father died of a fever contracted in Manila while on a business adventure. He had lived a full life.

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In 1892, in Hawaii, was born the first son of the second wife of this polygamous trader-merchant-adventurer, who first came to those islands, from an esteemed family, as a sailor aboard a rock-ballast schooner. After two years the family returned to China. Soon the father was off again for the Islands, taking instead of what was then his family, two wives and five children, a new wife.

In the schools of the Kwangtung village there followed the first stage of the boy's education. At thirteen, by the kindness of a friend who accompanied him, he was enabled to travel steerage to Honolulu. In a hotel he found work for a few months, long enough to secure passage to San Francisco, and in May, 1906, he arrived at the

ashes of that city.

By means of various school-boy jobs he maintained himself. He began his American education in the public schools, and later he attended a vocational school, completing his schooling by 1912. He taught English to Chinese and did well financially, though not permanently establishing himself in the occidental world as he wished. He felt that by pursuing some sort of business this end might be gained, but he was, of course, without capital.

One day in the summer of 1915, he observed the window display of a picture-frame gilder in Berkeley. He entered the shop and offered his services, in any way they might be useful, in exchange for an apprenticeship. Likewise he expressed his intention of practicing the craft elsewhere in order that he might not infringe upon the business of his benefactor. His offer was accepted. A natural craftsman, he was in a short time entrusted with the most particular of work. Here was a handicraft with an art to it, and it was therefore satisfying.

He planned the following spring to begin immediately the practice of his craft in Honolulu in a fine arts store he knew there. With a stock of frame material, he could add a sideline to their art business. There was no frame-maker or gilder in the islands. His approaching

marriage to a young American-born Cantonese woman, an artist, added to his desire to carry out this venture.

He laid his plans before his employer who responded with an offer of the use of his local credit to make possible the purchasing of some stock for shipment to Honolulu.

Three days after his marriage in May he left for Honolulu, with a wife and without much money. In Honolulu, he approached the fine arts store with his proposal of entering their employ as a frame gilder and maker, furnishing his own stock. The approaching dull summer months were mentioned in the refusal of the manager of the art store. The hopeful young man's supplies, purchased in the States on his fellow-craftsman's credit, were already on the way. By good fortune he secured a small inheritance which enabled him to pay one month's rent on a store of his own and to buy a few pieces of furniture for their then bare house. The only available room for the store was much too large, for a few hundred dollars worth of frame material and a glue-pot and planer as his only tools hardly filled one corner. His resourcefulness prompted him to get objects of art on consignment and thereby more adequately stock his store. A cheap picture hastily stuck into the first frame finished (for lack of any better picture) was exhibited in the window and brought an immediate purchaser

of frame and picture. He worked in the shop in the rear while his wife looked after the store in front. In two weeks enough money had been taken in to assure payment of the second month's rent.

From the tailor shop directly across the street came the Jewish tailor one day, desirous of the location of the shop. Three hundred dollars cash and a better and cheaper location for the art shop was the price paid by the tailor to establish a branch of the tailor shop, [a diamond palace,] on the site of the former art shop. The picture-gilder was located thereafter in a building that had previously (before the aid of the Jew's influence) been restricted to him.

In 1918 a son was born, and two years later homesickness for San Francisco brought about the family's return. The disposal of the Hawaiian business had netted him three thousand dollars.

They first lived in Berkeley. Soon, however, he got the idea that a so-called merchant's lunch of fried won ton, buns, and other Chinese food, if served in the heart of downtown San Francisco not far from Union Square, might be a pleasant and remunerative venture. A grand opening for the café introduced a successful business, which with its novelty for occidentals, prospered for some time. During

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this time his wife carried on her study and practice of art as well as helping with the café. Eventually he found it necessary to change the menu for his customers; they liked the place but the dishes were too limited, so American style cooking was added. The patrons grew in number and necessitated larger quarters for the cafe. The character of the new place was much the same as the old. There was an atmosphere here sympathetic to the artist and creative worker; writers, painters, musicians, various craftsmen, were habitués. In a daily newspaper column listing interesting places in San Francisco it was among the "Bohemian Restaurants."

His wife, now seldom needed in the dining room, devoted her time seriously to art. She became designer for a large importing company, a department store, and her paintings were often hung in group exhibitions.

He tired of this occupation in a few years, for although it created a haven for artists and craftsmen it offered him no outlet for the expression of his own artistic instincts. [When he offered the place for sale, his real estate agents, two American women, attempted to provoke restlessness in him by numerous stories of half closed stores that could not be closed because of various faults in the place. Eventually he became impatient and accepted

the agents' offer to buy it themselves at half his price. They operated the café for a time and then disposed of it to the present owner--a woman who, unknown to him, had tried unsuccessfully to buy it from him through the agents.]

He opened a small store in Berkeley, dealing in Chinese candies. His son was being educated in both the American and Chinese schools; his wife became increasingly successful with her art and devoted more and more time to painting. Placing the Berkeley store under the care of a trustworthy and competent Hawaiian-born Chinese woman he occupied himself as buyer for a Chinese importing company in San Francisco. The candy store profits were small, so he eventually discontinued it.

Numerous requests from friends and former patrons brought him to re-open the café in a new location under the old name--a right he had reserved at the time of sale. At the death of his wife shortly afterwards he closed it down.

The following, while expressed in the first person, is not a literal quotation, but is intended to express in the best manner the attitude and feeling of this man toward his life and work here in his adopted country and to give a true picture of his contribution to our western culture. It is a quotation of fact, not of words.

By 1927 I was concentrating all my efforts on art. My son, at that time nine years old, found art to be the most interesting thing in study and work. I had placed him under the care of a family, the father of which was a competent artist and of sound enough sense to let the boy alone and not try to inflict upon him his own beliefs and practices. Within a year some of my son's work which appeared in a juvenile show in San Francisco attracted considerable attention and was acclaimed generally by those critics who saw it. This made me happy as have all his achievements, because it has been my hope that he will tell a story of interest to his contemporaries and successors. I am sure he has something to say with his art. He is the product of the East and the West. In his work his subjects are all modern and occidental; for him to draw his material from the oriental world which he has never seen would be insincerity, and he feels it. But for his concepts he draws both upon his inheritance from the Orient and the Occident in which he has always lived. He is a fusion of the two and, I think, sees our world a little differently than we do.

In order to provide for us two I have naturally had to commercialize my work to some extent. Commercialization of creative expression can mean but one thing--you know the

answer--stagnation. So I have commercialized only part of my work; the reproduction of my designs and the manufacture of the product itself. The creation of designs I never do under the pressure of commercial production. I set aside a part of the year for making my designs, and during that time I live quietly and leisurely. Routine work of reproduction of these designs, which calls only for the craftsman's skill in accuracy, I sometimes do under the same high tension that people usually conduct business. Such pressure upon craftsmanship is bad, I know, but not as devastating as upon designing.

I do not say I do not work hard at creative work. At times, when I am working on designs, I work incessantly. But I do not do such work when I am involved in sales campaigns or faced with deadlines of production schedules. During the dull season I dispose of all business and devote my energy to creative work--away from the scene of business. I go elsewhere in this country or to Europe or Mexico, depending mostly upon my pocket-book and the money exchange. I do not go to the Orient to work for it would confuse me. My oriental background was formed in my youth. What it grew to be and what I have obtained from the occidental world I am, and from there emanates my work. To go back and try to absorb oriental culture and capitalize on

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it I would consider insincere. A wholly oriental life is foreign to me. I live in the occidental world because I feel it to be my home, and I express myself for it.

RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - CHINESE

HISTORY OF C.H. HUNG YUNG, PAUPER

C. H. Hung Yung, aged 78, subject of this interview, lives on the charity of fellow Chinese and Los Angeles county, his residence being furnished by the Chinese in the Chinese temple at 215 $\frac{1}{2}$ Ferguson Alley, Los Angeles. The story of Yung's life is told as nearly as possible in his broken English.

"I live in America long time; long, long time. I come to this country with cousin from Canton when I am a boy 14 years old and I travel up and down the coast for many years doing many kinds of jobs.

"I cannot remember my mother and father because they die when I am just little China boy. I live in China with cousins on farm in Canton province and I work when I am very little boy on a farm. We have very little to eat and we work very hard. My cousin tell me that we make more money in America where he has been living before he make visit to China.

"I leave Canton when I am 14 years old but when I come to America I don't know how to speak language and have a hard time getting along. But I meet some men who build railroad and they take me along to a camp where men who work on railroad live. They like little China boy and tell me they teach me how to cook. Perty soon I learn to cook and go wherever men go to cook their meals.

I work long time cooking but make very little money, and

N. Rau
12/2/36

Racial Minorities Survey-
Chinese

when men come to this part of California to make railroad I leave them and get job on ranch. But I make very little money on ranch, too. They pay me sometimes \$8, sometimes \$16 a month; I help plant crops, work in grape orchard and olive orchard, and work very hard bringing water to make plants grow.

"When I come to Los Angeles this land was nothing but big basin and no houses around where we can live. I work for white woman who teach me to speak English better and give me place to live. This white woman live on ranch and have several children.

"I never make much money in America because I don't know language very well and I always work for people who pay me very little. When I am very young man I marry China woman and after we have a son she leave me and go back to China. We have one boy who now has family in Hong Kong in China. But I never see my son and his family. I never go back to China since I come over when I am a boy.

"After I work for a while on ranch when I am first in Los Angeles I get another job with men building a railroad and go along with them to make survey of land down in this part of state. I go with them all along the coast, too, as far as Washington and then come back again.

"When I am very young man I have much fun on ranch where I work and with men who build the railroad. I practice shooting with gun until I am a very good shot and when I first live in Los Angeles we kill many snakes where Chinatown now stands.

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Racial Minorities Survey-
Chinese

"I never go back to China because I never make enough money. My cousin who bring me to America die after I am over here short while and I never have any kin people in this country. I just go from place to place working at any job I can find. I still can't speak English language well enough to tell you about Los Angeles when I first come here. I don't know much about China because I come to America when I so little and I am old man now and can't remember.

"I am such an old man now that I can't work at all. If I try to stand long on my feet I fall down and I have nothing to do. Young man get all work and I can't make enough to buy myself much to eat. I get check for \$5 every once in a while from the county, but that is not enough for me to eat much on. It is only about 8¢ a meal for me to buy food with.

"I am so old and helpless that I wish I die because I can't get along well enough without working. I live in the temple with four other men who old like myself and can't work either. We be better off if we die. About two month ago one of the men who lived here die and I wish I could die, too."

Yung could not help us much in elaborating on the few points of his life he remembered. He interspersed his jerky narrative with constant complaints about his age and his enfeebled condition. There was little doubt that he was sincere when he declared that he wished he was dead. He gave the impression that he felt himself a burden on those who looked after his welfare. When asked why he did not save his money

N. Rau
12/2/36

Racial Minorities Survey-
Chinese

while working for the time when he would be too old to work he told us he was unable to save money because his pay was always so small. He declared that he never gambled because he thought it was bad. He worships in the Chinese temple where he lives, but told us he does not think his soul will have any life after death. His story relative to his worship was inconsistent, and he was not able to explain just what his convictions were along that line. In general he seems never to have progressed because he always performed the most menial labor and did not realize that in order to get ahead in America one has to know the language. It is remarkable how brokenly he spoke after so long a residence.

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1. The first part of the report is a general introduction to the subject of the study. It discusses the importance of the problem and the objectives of the research. The second part of the report is a detailed description of the methods used in the study. This includes a description of the experimental design, the data collection procedures, and the statistical methods used to analyze the data. The third part of the report is a discussion of the results of the study. This includes a description of the findings, a comparison of the results with previous research, and a discussion of the implications of the findings. The final part of the report is a conclusion and a list of references.

HISTORY OF FRANK H. CHEW, CHINESE MERCHANT

In the history of Frank H. Chew, Los Angeles merchant, the proverbial twain met and flourished, until now, after forty-six years of residence in America, he has become completely Americanized, as are his two grown children who have married native Americans.

As a boy of fourteen years Frank Chew felt little enthusiasm in being the son of a poor farmer in the province of Toi Shan, which included his little village of Fau Shek, peopled with 15,000 Chinese souls who seemed destined to go on forever tilling the soil and wresting from it a meager living.

His Cantonese neighbors, at a distance of about seventy miles, told stories of America, where many of the native sons had found plenty in the midst of opportunity for people of every race and creed. To these words young Frank paid rapt attention, and since others of his progressively-minded community had ventured the long trip to the land of great opportunity, the lad found his parents turning a sympathetic ear to his entreaty that he also be permitted to go to America.

Their lives had been nothing but hardship and slavery to soil which yielded little, and perhaps they had visions of their son meeting a better lot. They listened to his ambition of becoming wealthy in America and returning with enough gold to enrich his aged parents, for Frank Chew's parents were ancient and also

feeble from their long slavery to the soil of Fau Shek.

So with others of his community Frank finally set out on the long journey, going by foot to Canton and thence to America in the steerage of a great boat in the company of many of his countrymen. In San Francisco Frank Chew, a rustic lad of fourteen years, found that life was too urban, and since others of his group had planned to go to the less populated city of Los Angeles many miles to the south, he too felt that he might find there the ideal pastoral country.

Frank arrived in Los Angeles in 1887
[So to Los Angeles Frank came], finding it, in his own words, "about the size of a bird cage". He did not, however, pursue agriculture for long, finding that he could make a better living as a laborer on construction projects which were starting in the small city.

Frank found ^{the} life not ^{as} so elaborate as he had dreamed, ^{it would be} while back on the farm in Fau Shek, but that his condition was less odious there was no doubt. And there was a surplus of money for his amusement, and some to be saved; for occasionally Frank dreamed of his old father and mother and looked with nostalgia to his native land, and as the city of Los Angeles grew and new construction projects were ever starting, Frank labored on until he had accumulated a ^{fair} [neat] sum.

But something intervened to prevent Frank's returning to China. She was an American girl, and the fact that she was white and he yellow did not seem to matter. Their romance grew into

love and they decided to overlook forebodings which loomed in the face of their difference in race. Frank now was a man of more than thirty years, and he felt himself capable of facing a problem which was only secondary to his devotion for the young white girl, even though prejudices told him he ^{might} be making a mistake.

But the subsequent marriage was no mistake in the life of Frank Chew. By his white wife he had two children, who have grown to maturity and have in turn married white people. One is a girl, the oldest, [↑]aged twenty-two, who bears the pretty English name of Rosemary, and the son, two years her junior, is called Paul, so named by his Christian mother who reared her children in the faith of the Baptist church.

Even though he had found much happiness in his marriage and his wife had borne him two beautiful children who had largely inherited from her many attractive Caucasian features, Frank still grew homesick occasionally, and longed to see his father and mother in China. He still felt, moreover, that he could bring them part of the fortune which he had amassed in America. Perhaps he would settle in China and become a rich land owner, for he recalled that most of the poverty of his parents had been due to their living on a very small plot of land, not so much because the soil seemed largely sterile. So before his children were more than out of the toddling stage Frank took his American wife

along with them back to China. And with ^{the} his money saved in America he carried out ^{his plan} [the design of his mind] to become a Chinese farmer. ^{However} ~~but~~ his vision had been too hopeful and he found conditions less attractive than they had been in America. His American wife, unused to Chinese customs and the inconveniences they imposed upon her, began to plead with him to return, and ^{also desired} her desire ~~also was~~ to rear her children in America, where they could receive a good education in public schools, as she herself had been trained before them.

Her husband Frank, in the midst of the meager conditions of the Chinese farming community, saw wisdom also in the proposal. So after a residence of seven years in China on his return there, the husband decided to embark again for America.

This time, however, he would not make the mistake of slaving his life away for other people. His fresh experiences in China, and the attendant struggles to make the land pay, had inspired in him a new love for the country he had left across the Pacific, where life had been far more leisurely than on the farm. His fortune was now almost depleted, but there was still enough money to return and return they did. Los Angeles had grown even during their short absence of seven years, and with an increasing tourist population, which was expanding in proportion to the propaganda being spread about the ideality of the climate, the city offered possibilities for this Chinese. His young wife, eager

to better her status to prevent an "I told you so" attitude from her white friends, urged Frank to go into business as a curio dealer.

While in China Mrs. Chew had used an observant eye, and had familiarized herself with Chinese wares. She saw the possibilities of catering to the tourist trade, and decided that it would furnish a lucrative living for her husband. She knew that Frank, although his funds were now almost completely exhausted, was highly trusted by his Chinese brothers, and with this knowledge she found a way of setting him up in business. Frank also was of the opinion that the life of a merchant was possible for him with the proper economy, and he was determined not to resort to labor again if at all possible.

With little difficulty he succeeded in borrowing two thousand dollars from his Chinese friends, and Frank Chew, laborer, now became Frank H. Chew, dealer in Chinese curios. It was in 1915 that he rose to this new status and has since operated a store ^{in downtown Los Angeles} [at 514 South Los Angeles Street]. Within three years after establishing his business Frank had paid off the original loan and was entirely free of debt. His shop faces the old Mexican Plaza on the east side, and tourists who came in increasing numbers to see Olvera Street found his door. Over a period of twenty-one years Frank H. Chew has been known as a merchant and has prospered, except for the past few years, when an economic lapse

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brought him hard times.

In the interim, however, he has managed to give his children high school training and only this past summer his wife and daughter made a pleasure trip to Europe. His son Paul works with his father in the store, although he has, since leaving school, worked as a newspaper reporter on the Los Angeles Examiner. The son, who has a quick insight into the affairs of his times, is also an aviation enthusiast and holds a license to fly. Paul, who has memories of China, declares that he will never live there unless he can do so by an economic livelihood in one of the port cities, particularly Hong Kong.

The father is proud of his son, seemingly without regret that he abandoned the customs and traditions of his ancestors. Though he is not Christian in his religious beliefs, he shows a decided favoritism to that faith in his love for Confucius. Such is his explanation: "In the writings of Confucius there is the prophecy that there would come a King of Kings, and there is no doubt that he did come in the person of Jesus Christ. Christianity merely took a long route to get to the east, but now I believe it will spread through missionaries who are increasing their work in China."

And so runs the story of Frank H. Chew, who at sixty continues to live as a Chinese merchant. Through long years in contact with Americans he has learned much of his adopted country

and is, of course, a naturalized citizen. He has imparted little of his Oriental habits and aspect to his children, and avers that he will remain in this country permanently. Long ^{ago} ~~since~~ his father and mother died in China and there is nothing left in the old country for him except the scenery.

He admits that the depression almost got the best of his business, but his son Paul added optimistically: "We will always manage to get along here, even though it might be nothing more than just making a living."

RACIAL MINORITY SURVEY-CHINESE

~~This is the story of W. J. Lamb, Chinese:~~

I am very old man and maybe can't tell you all you want to know about me when I come to America. It has been so long that I can't remember much. I am now man of 75 years and it was 60 years ago that I left China.

I was born in the village of Kwong Tung in the district of Canton. In Kwon Tung about 10,000 people live, and my home was one of the many farm homes in the village. I live there when I was young boy with my mother and father and four brothers and four sisters. When I want to come to America I was fifteen years old. My father did not say much against it because there was just enough work on our farm for my four brothers and sisters.

I got the idea to come to America when some relatives of mine in the village speak of coming over, and my parents knew that I would be taken care of with them. I was very happy over the chance to leave China because I felt I could make a better living in America. I was not an unlearned young boy when I left, for I had been to a private school in our village and felt that I could get along in a new country.

But when we arrived in Canton I met a friend from our village who suggested to me that I learn something about herbs and after I learn something about the method of herb treatment of disease I then come to the United States. I decided before I leave China to become a herbalist in America because I hear in Canton that you man can make money by treating people in the United States.

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"It was not hard for me to get started because I had a little money given to me by my father, and when I arrive I just hang out sign at a place I rented and pretty soon I get started. It was just like a fisherman who go to sea to catch fish. He throw out hook into the water and pretty soon the fish come. I hang out sign and get patients. But you want to know about my home in China and first I tell you that.

"My home is better kind of home in our village because it was made of brick. The poorer houses were made out of mud just as you see some mud houses in this part of the United States sometimes. But my home is a brick home and it was set off by itself and had a high wall around it just like all Chinese homes in our village. Inside the wall there is a court and all around are rooms where we eat and sleep. We also had a parlor where my parents receive visitors.

"I did not learn any reading or writing at home before I go to the private school in our village. My mother did not read or write and my father never teach us anything in home. He always busy with the farm. The private school where I went had about 25 other pupils and there I learn to read and write very thoroughly. We went to school early in the mornings and stayed all day. In the late afternoon we play Chinese games just like children play in this country. The Chinese games are too hard to tell about, but we did play games which I have seen children play in this country. We played that game where we hide and look for one another and also we play baseball which is almost like the same game they play in the United States.

"My mother she sing sometimes when I am a very little boy, but I do not remember her songs. She tell me stories too, and most of the stories I learn again later when I go to school. One of the favorite of these stories is of the goddess of the sea, who is one of the favorite goddesses of my people. I tell you the goddess of the sea story.

"There was once a very excellent young girl who work all day in her home weaving and cooking for her father and her brothers who are fisherman. She is so chaste and honorable that everyone in her village respect her for her virtues. One day her father and brothers go to the sea to fish, leaving her at home to spin and take care of the house.

"And while she sat at her spinning all of a sudden it look like she fall into a faint and later neighbors passing by see her on the floor of her home as if she is dead. They rush in and pick her up and try to bring her to her senses, but she lay so still that they all decided that she is dead. And the neighbors knowing that her father and brothers will be at the sea all day think they had better prepare her for burial. They start doing this but in the late afternoon all of a sudden she open her eyes and begin to talk.

"She tell those around her that she was not dead as they believe but only her spirit had gone out of her body. She tells them that while she was spinning she had a curious vision of the sea dragon and god starting a great storm at sea where her father and brothers were fishing. But before the storm could get high enough to overturn the vessel in which her father and brothers are fishing she sent her spirit out to the sea to

plead with the sea dragon god to save her kinsmen. She plead for a long time with the sea dragon god and pretty soon he stop the storm suddenly, just as he had started it. After the sea dragon god stop the storm she come back to her senses to do her weaving because her spirit come in from the sea.

"But all the neighbors think the young woman has only had a very terrible dream and they tell her so, but the young woman knows that she was not dreaming and that she really sent her spirit out to the sea to stop the storm. They all laugh at her, but pretty soon they do not laugh when her father and brothers come in from their fishing. Her father and brothers tell the neighbors of the terrible storm that started at sea and of how it stopped suddenly just before they thought their boat would sink. And when they had told of the time of the day the neighbors found out that it was at exactly the same time the young woman said her spirit had left her body to go out to the sea to plead with the sea dragon god.

"And in the village there was great rejoicing because of the wonderful power of the virtuous young woman and soon her deed was known all over China. And even during her lifetime they built shrines in her honor where the fishermen pray for safety and luck in their work, and ever since the young woman has been known as the goddess of the sea and the protector of those who fish there.

"In China there are many such stories which I hear in my home and which I later learned in my books. But most of them are handed down from one generation to another and are known by people who not able to read and write. My family believes

in such stories as real things because my family belong to the Buddhist faith and we have other idols besides the goddess of the sea in our village shrines. In our own home we have a idol which we worship. It is the idol of ~~Buddah~~ Buddah. All my brothers and sisters worship Buddhist idols because they are taught to do so by my mother and father, but when I come to the United States I become Christian.

"I think a lot of the things they believe in in China are not true, but I remember when I was a child I believe them, and when my family hold a feast in honor of the dead or to praise the gods I take part. We had several feast days throughout the year such as the Autumn Moon feast when we pray for a good crop, and the May feast when we also asked for blessing of the crop during the summer so they would not be ruined by storms and the ground would be fertile. But at New Year we have the greatest feast of all and for a whole week everyone celebrate the holiday.

"At New Year time my relatives come from other villages to visit with my family and everywhere we play and have feasts. The men get together and gamble and the women have long talks with each other about their families. My mother was very happy at the New Year time because two of my sisters who had been married come back home for a visit. But the chief thing we like about all the feast days is that we have great feasts and eat chicken and lots of pork.

"You ask me to describe my home so I will tell you about it. As well as I could remember there were five large rooms in our

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Racial Minority Survey-Chinese

house besides the parlor where we receive guests. Three of the rooms were where we sleep and the other two were a dining room and a kitchen. We sleep in Chinese style, on wooden boards covered with a mat, and under our heads we have a block on which our heads rest. I slept in a room with three of my brothers when I get older, when I am a little boy I sleep in room with my parents. Over each bed we have a mosquito net to keep the insects from biting us while we sleep.

"In America I did not have hard time making a living because after I get started in Los Angeles many people come to me for herb treatment. I practice on American people also, and from them I make more money than on Chinese. The herb treatment is a wonderful thing and I think everyone who use herbs stay well. I practice from time I am very young man until about ten years ago when my wife die. She was a good woman and I miss her very much. She have four sons and six daughters for me, and she not like many women who go about minding other people's business. She stay at home always and take care of the house and her children. Once, not long after we had been married, I take her back to China for a visit, but she not born in China. She was born in San Francisco where her father do business.

"My father, who was called Leip Fu, and my mother, whose name I don't remember because it had been so long since I was in China, are both dead. They died a number of years ago. My wife was a Chinese woman, but she was a Christian, too, because I become a Christian before I married her.

"I bring up all my children to be Christian and I send

N. Rau
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Racial Minority Survey-Chinese

them all to Christian schools and to the public schools where they get good educations. They all are in America. They all want to stay in this country to make their living because they think they can do better here than in China. Some of my daughters marry Chinese men in this country and have families of their own.

"I have no desire to return to China except to visit my brothers and sisters, but I am too old now and will stay in America until I die. My children are very good to me and take care of me like dutiful children. It is the way we Chinese teach our children, to do good thing for their parents and to have respect for them. We help our children when they are small and need us and it is only right that they help their parents when their parents are old and cannot work.

"I think America is a good country for business and I have always made a good living for my family and have been able to give them good educations. My children go to Congregational church, where I go also when I am able to leave the house."

W. J. Lamb lives at 550 East Thirty-second street, Los Angeles.

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RACIAL MINORITIES SURVEY - CHINESE

~~"My name is Eugene Ung and I am 22 years of age.~~ I was born in China in the year 1914, but I do not remember the date. We Chinese do not pay much attention to the exact date on which we were born. We do not think much of a man's age until he has grown very old, old enough to be venerated for his experience and the wisdom which comes from his experience.

"I am the youngest child of a family of six children. I have four brothers and one sister. My brothers left China when I was a small boy to come to America, where my father had come also to see if he could not make a better living as a farmer than he did in China. He left my mother, my sister and me back in China on our little farm in the village of Hoi Ping.

"The most I can remember about the time when I was a small boy in China is that we were extremely poor. I lived in a brick house surrounded by a wall and it stood some distance from the several plots of ground which made up our farm. In all my family owned about 10 acres, some of it located on the mountain side, and it had to be terraced so that we could plant rice there. The rice needs a lot of water and by building up these terraces we were able to hold the water on the mountain side to grow the rice. We brought the water from the river in buckets and it was a very hard job to

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Chinese

produce a good crop.

✓In our village there were about 10,000 people and the place was just one of the many villages of the Canton province. My home was not exactly like many of the homes in Canton because only my mother and I and the wives of three of my brothers lived in it. Some of the homes were crowded with several branches of a family. I was really too small to do much work when I lived in China, but I was taught very early to help as much as possible.

✓My father left my mother and the wives of my brothers in China to get along as best they could on our farm until he could help by sending money from America. He took my brothers with him to America, and it was on one of his return trips that he brought me with him back to America.

✓But before I left China I had gone to one of the village schools for about two years. It was a very small school in one of the Chinese temples and only about 25 pupils attended with me. We were taught only to read and write and some of the history of China. The teacher was very strict with us and when we did not know our lessons he would crack us on our heads. We would read a lesson over and over so that we would almost memorize it before we were through. But the reason why we read a lesson over so many times was because it is hard to learn the many characters in the Chinese language.

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In my home we did not have any comforts, and in the winter time the only way we kept warm was by putting on a lot of clothes. Our clothes were all Chinese in fashion. I wore a jacket made by my mother and also a pair of long trousers. The jacket was long and came almost to my knees. At night I slept on a board with a leather covered block beneath my neck. That is the way most of the Chinese sleep. Over my bed there was a large mosquito net to keep off the millions of mosquitos which came in through the open window.

I did not receive any training before I started to school because my mother could not read or write. Neither could the wives of my brothers, and I had to learn my lessons without any help from home. When I left China at the age of seven years I did not know much more than I had known when I entered the school except that I could read and write. It was just before I was eight years of age that I came to America and started to school in this country. Over here I entered an American school and continued with my education after I had been taught to speak and write English in one of the Christian Mission schools.

I can't remember my mother ever singing songs to me except the national hymn of my country. There was not much time for play in my home as everyone had to work hard on the land so that we would not starve. Besides rice we grew sweet potatoes, tapioca and elephant ears. We ate the elephant ear

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roots. This plant is not like the American elephant ear because it has a very good root which is considered a good food in China.

We did not do any reading in our home because there were no books, but we did have a library in our village which had been donated to the people by Chinese who had come to America and made money. I was not a good enough reader to go to the library much when I was a small boy. My mother and the wives of my brothers did not take part in feasts because they did not have their men in the home, and the only celebrations I can remember were held inside my home. We did not take part in the great celebrations held on the outside on feast days.

We did not have a religion because China does not have a religion. People have the wrong idea about China. It just believes in a code of morals which was laid down by Confucius. But we did make offerings to the dead on the anniversaries of their deaths. All during the year we made little offerings by placing food we were going to eat beneath the scrolls of the dead which hung on the walls of one of the rooms in our home. After the food had been placed beneath the scrolls we let it stay there a few minutes and then we ate it ourselves.

I can remember several wedding feasts, especially those of my brothers. We always had a feast then and invited our

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Chinese

nearest neighbors in to celebrate with us. American people have the wrong ideas about the way Chinese get married and I think I had better explain that to you. The marriage is usually made by a middle man, who investigates the status of both the bride and groom, and if both of them have the proper economic status and the parents of both the young man and woman agree the marriage is arranged. But when the husband asks a dowry it is not for his own use as some people seem to think. It goes to the bride, who uses it in furnishing and establishing a home.

On feast days my family did take part in the celebrations to some extent because they always managed to slaughter the livestock we used in our home on those days. This was also a kind of sacrifice in honor of the dead. We had a great number of little superstitions, most of which I have forgotten. It was considered bad luck, for example, to talk about sickness or death, and no one ever touched on such subjects.

My brothers now have families back in China, but the four of them always stay in America and go back from time to time to see their wives. My sister also lives in China and has been taught to be a Chinese woman like my mother. She has not been allowed to become too modern as have many of the girls in Canton.

Even when I was a very little boy I wanted to come to

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Chinese

America because I knew that there was a much greater chance to be educated, and it was my ambition to become a scholar. I did not have much trouble persuading my family that I should come over because I could live with my brothers and my father and as soon as I was in this country I began learning to read and write so that I could enter school. My father was able to allow me to stay in school until I finished high school, but after that, times got too hard and I had to quit before I entered college.

My father made a good living farming before 1930, but then things went from bad to worse and we all had to economize. I worked with him and my brothers for a while on several ranches and farms in the Imperial valley, but I could not see myself getting very far at that kind of work. I still had it in my mind to get a good education.

So as soon as I could save a little money I came to Los Angeles to get a job and finally found one as a waiter in the Peking restaurant on East First Street. It has always been my ambition to save enough money to finish my education, but so far I have not been able to get that much together at one time. I don't see any possibility of realizing my ambition in the near future.

Before I came to America I thought it was a country just like my own, except that the people spoke a different language, but of course that was the impression of a small boy. I was not disappointed in finding it different, however,

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Chinese

because it is even better than I thought. I think America is a wonderful country, but I believe if I had enough money and had finished my education I would return to China. I guess that I am like everyone else in that respect. I like the country in which I was born.

But we have been so much better off in America that I don't believe my father or any of my brothers want to return unless they make enough money to be independently wealthy when they go back. In that case I think they all would return. As for myself, I know I would like to go back on a visit, but I doubt if I would want to stay because I know I could not make much money there.

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Mr. Yee, the father, crossed the Pacific Ocean from China to America in a sailing vessel with [the forty-niners.] [He was born in Sun Huey, South China. The Chinese of South China are noted for being extremely adventurous and most of the Chinese in America are Southern Chinese from the Province of Kwang Tung. They speak a different dialect from the rest of China.]

Mr. Yee Ah Tye is his full name: Yee is the surname, Ah Tye, his first name; but his American friends did not see it that way, and always addressed him Ah Tye, so he and his descendants were and are known as the Ah Tyes.

Ah Tye left his home in China because he was not satisfied to struggle along in his humble village abode. He had heard of a new country call ^{California} "Gold Mountain" and he wanted to go to it to seek a fortune. When he arrived in San Francisco, he was in need of money and so accepted the first job opened to him. With many other Chinese who were imported here to build railroads which bind the East with the West, he went to work, but he was too aggressive to be just a wage earner, a common laborer all his life.

He heard of the riches in the earth and of the gold rush, so he marched north with the gold seekers and finally reached the Sierra Nevada mountains. He located and staked

a gold claim in La Porte, Plumas County, the gateway to our early day mining district. About the year 1870, a great many Chinese found their way up there, so Ah Tye established a general merchandise store where all the Chinese traded. He supplied the different Chinese camps with groceries which he delivered by pack mules. He also financed many mining claims for his countrymen. They deposited their wealth with him; there was no question of his integrity. He realized the hardship most of his countrymen had to undergo in order to make good, so he was always looking out for their welfare and was always glad to help them. When any of them met with reverses or were sick, they just came and lived at his place where they received free room and board.

Not only was he kind to those of his own race but to the Americans as well. I met an American friend of his who spoke very fondly of Mr. Ah Tye. He said, "I was only a boy when I went to work in a mine for Ah Tye, and I did not expect a man's wage, but when pay day came, to my surprise he paid me the same as the men. Mr. Ah Tye was recognized by both Chinese and Americans as a most honorable and upright man and was respected and trusted.

He married a Chinese girl from San Francisco and took her to La Porte where she made her home with him for twenty-five years, enduring the heavy winters. It was not unusual for them to be snowbound for six months in the year. There

were no other Chinese women within sixty-five miles of their place and she did not speak English, so it was a lonely life, though she had her children.

Ah Tye stayed on until he passed away in 1892 leaving his wife and seven children. The eldest son took over the business but could not make a go of it. Mining was decreasing. Hydraulic mining was prohibited. The town dwindled and people moved away.

Before the father died the mother took all the children to China, primarily to find husbands for the two eldest daughters. She certainly had a hard time finding husbands for them. According to Chinese customs, the mother solicited the help of match-makers and after much hunting they found a young man for the eldest daughter Foo Yow. Without her consent, the engagement was made. The day of the wedding was set. But Foo Yow was too Americanized for such methods. In the meantime she had made plans to run away, with the help of her sister. A few days before the marriage ceremony she made her escape. Just as soon as this was known, there was at once a great uproar, until finally a substitute had to be found, and so a daughter was adopted and the wedding took place.

After a year or so Foo Yow met Koa and they fell in love with each other and were married. He had a good position as Commodore of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Steamship Company in Yo-

kohama, Japan. He was well educated in three languages, Chinese and English as well as Japanese. They never had any children of their own, but they adopted two Japanese tots and gave them parents' care and love and education. But it was not to be, for God took them both away during adolescence.]

The second daughter, Quintai, married a man who was educated in Hong Kong and born in India of a Chinese father and an Indian mother. He had a position as bank compodore in Hong Kong. They had two children, both of whom died in their childhood from the bubonic plague. Quintai died young from a broken heart, for her husband was unfaithful to her.

The third in the family, a son named Chuck, sowed his wild oats in his youth. He got the opium habit and other bad habits. He had a happy-go-lucky nature but also a brilliant mind. When he got older he settled down and made money. On came the depression, however, and with his opium smoking which he realized was a curse to himself and his family, he took his own life, that he might leave enough money for his wife to live on. His wife was a native of Canton who came to America thirty-five years ago, right after she married him. They have four children. The youngest, a daughter, is a graduate of the University of California College of Dentistry. She has been practicing for the last five years, but business

has failed with her in the last three years, so she is barely making expenses, but she can always count on her mother for help.

The fourth child, a girl, married a man of her own choice, named Yen. He was born in China of a well-to-do family. He came to America with the first batch of students who were sent over by the Chinese government to be educated in the different colleges here. Yen went to Yale and graduated from the college of law. Being Chinese, he [never had a] chance to practice law in America. He was unemployed for a long time after graduation. Then he secured a position in the Yokohama Specie Bank of San Francisco. He later resigned from that job and went to Vancouver for the Chinese Government as Consul, later to Washington D.C. to the post of Charge d'Affaires to the Chinese Ambassador, then to China in government employ. Finally he and his family drifted back to America. In Berkeley they bought a home where he spent his last days. Their two children were graduates of the University of California. His late years were hard ones, no work, no money saved up, and an invalid for two years. After he passed away his son got a Civil Service job which he still holds, that of playground director in San Francisco Chinatown. His wife is a social worker in the International Institute. The daughter was killed in an automobile accident.

The fifth child a girl was an accomplished pianist. She died in her early twenties.

The youngest child of the Yee family is a son. He was a bank clerk for twenty-five years. Just a year ago he was honorably discharged. He nearly went crazy, for besides his wife he has a family of eleven children, half of them still dependent upon him. Of course now the older ones are working and helping to support the younger ones.

The youngest daughter in line, is named Kinglan. She was one of the last to leave the mining town of La Porte. She had the good fortune of having the opportunity to live with the Chinese Consul's family in San Francisco and attend the public school there. Chinese children were barred from the public schools in those days, but through the influence of the Consul, she gained admittance to the Jean Parker school. After she finished there she went to a private preparatory school for the university where she had to pay a tuition of twenty-five dollars a month. She married a University of California graduate, of a wealthy family. Right after they were married, [Mr. X.] had a call from the Chinese government to go to China as mining engineer, investigating mining resources in West China. He was directly under the Viceroy of the province of Sechnen. [The Viceroy wanted Mr. X. to make some false reports in connection with mining re-

It is undoubtedly true.

sources of that province, so that the government would give them an appropriation for development but Mr. X. refused to do so. The Viceroy would have arrested him and probably killed him if he did not comply, but Mr. X. is an American citizen so he called on the help of the American Consul, got safely out of his clutches and returned to America.]

The second time he went to China he took his wife and a son with him. They went to South China to operate a coal mine. The coal mine was not a success, since the government refused to give them a permit to use dynamite. So that was closed, but he secured other engineering positions in various government organizations. He was considered a successful man and was very prominent there. On account of much uprising and political disturbances he came back to America, where his children might be educated and be in safety.

He got a position in a bank, but lost it three years ago. It has gone pretty hard for them since, struggling and hoping for better times.

Mr. X. and son are operating a mine on the Klamate and he has spent many months planning and calculating how to run this mine in the most economical and efficient way. He has put his whole soul into it and he will either make or break it. It is not smooth sailing; there are many obstacles to surmount. It is hard to raise a capital sufficient to carry

on the work for any length of time. It is a constant worry as to where money is to come from to carry on until pay dirt is taken out. Sometimes the food supply runs low. Cold weather is here and there are no funds with which to build proper living quarters.

In the meantime his wife is working under the State Employment Relief Administration and trying to make ends meet. She is not discouraged. When she files in line with a food order in her hand, she tries to think that she is standing in line to buy a grand opera ticket instead.

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that this is essential for the proper management of the company's finances and for ensuring that all parties involved are kept up to date on the current status of the business.

2. The second part of the paper deals with the various methods of raising capital for the company. It compares the advantages and disadvantages of different sources of funds, such as bank loans, government grants, and private equity, and provides a detailed analysis of the costs and benefits of each option.

3. The third part of the paper focuses on the issue of risk management. It discusses the various risks that the company faces, such as market fluctuations, changes in government policy, and the possibility of a major disaster, and provides a detailed analysis of the various strategies that can be used to minimize these risks.

4. The fourth part of the paper discusses the importance of maintaining a good working relationship with the various stakeholders involved in the company's operations. It emphasizes that this is essential for the company's long-term success and for ensuring that all parties involved are kept up to date on the current status of the business.

5. The fifth part of the paper discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that this is essential for the proper management of the company's finances and for ensuring that all parties involved are kept up to date on the current status of the business.

Mr. Chee, the oldest son of a poor farmer was born in Chung San District, in the province of Canton, China in 1871. When he was hardly two years old his father was about two steps removed from slavish bondage. His father owed a great deal of money to several wealthy persons who loaned him money to buy lands for farming. The amount owed was probably about \$900. These lands were not very productive nor were they profitable. This was not because the lands were poor in fertility but because of the drought. He was too poor to have them irrigated. He was given four years to meet the payments. Within the period of three years there was not a single drop of rain. He was warned that at the end of the fourth year he must meet his obligation promptly. If not he must work out his debt to those who loaned him the money. In other words he must offer himself to work for a certain amount of time which would be equivalent to the amount of money owed. In the old days wages were very low. Farm hands or laborers were paid only nine to twelve dollars a year and thus, to work out his loan, he must work all his life without receiving any compensation. That was not all, for his whole family must go under slavish bondage.

By the kindness of destiny there was abundance of rain before the end of the fourth year of the loan. Hence Mr.

Chee was saved from bondage when he was five years old, because his father had been able to completely repay all of his debts. Thence Mr. Chee's father freed from all obligations and worries began to have so much more energy and inspiration that he commenced to work harder on the land. Four years after that he had accumulated a little money, and his family did not have to live without the necessities of life.

Mr. Chee was then sent to a missionary school near the county seat of his village. This school was supported by the missionaries from the churches in the United States. There he was taught Chinese and various related subjects. English was one of the required subjects. Besides, he was taught a trade which struck his fancy. That trade was weaving or making wicker furniture with reeds, bamboo and rattan. This furniture was very popular at the time, and even now it sells well in the summer time. Mr. Chee spent nine years in the school, and after that he entered a Chinese secondary school where he studied some technical courses for two years.

Then his father took him out of school to help him with the farming business. He was given charge of the business and of the farm. He did not like the way his father ran the farm, so he suggested to his father that the farm should be

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irrigated and more fertilizers should be used. By so doing there would be a yield of more produce. Apparently that idea was agreeable to his father, and the farm was completely turned over to the son. Mr. Chee hired three men to help him with the irrigation work. Then fertilizers were placed into the soil. They raised wheat, rye, rice, mustard green and other Chinese fruits which were planted in rotation. After he had increased the income on the twenty five acres of land, he turned it back to his father. His father said that he was a successful farmer and asked him why he did not keep on with farming, but Mr. Chee wanted to go to the land of opportunity. His one ambition was to come to America to make his own fortune. He did not want to depend on his father for a livelihood all his life and wanted to be independent.

When he reached his nineteenth anniversary his father bought him a steerage passage on a sail boat or mast ship bound for America. It took him nearly three months to reach California. In mid ocean the ship encountered many storms, yet it survived them. Mr. Chee finally arrived in California in 1890, landing in San Francisco in the summer of that year. Upon his arrival his maternal uncle met him at the pier.

Mr. Chee at the time had \$500 which his father had gi-

ven him to start business with. Instead of using the money he put it in a savings bank. He got a job in the hand laundry run by his uncle and worked as a launderer until he knew how to iron clothing. In the beginning he was only paid five dollars a month for three months. After he began to do some ironing, his wage was increased to twenty dollars a month, including room and board. His pay was considered fair in those days, and he worked at this until 1893. Then he went to work in a mining camp as a cook and received forty dollars a month. This wage was far higher than what he was paid before, and in addition he had shorter hours. He kept this job until 1896 and took a trip back to China to see his parents. He had been saving all his money for this trip and he was able to draw \$1,000 from his bank.

He arrived in China in November 1896. His parents were exceedingly glad to see him home. They celebrated his safe return, for in those days trips across the Pacific Ocean on sail boats were rather dangerous, and such boats were often at the mercy of destiny and the wind. As tradition was, his parents' first thought was that he should be married and have a happy family. As a matter of fact they had already betrothed him to a young maiden without his knowledge. Hence he had to fulfill his parents' wishes and desires. He went through with the matrimonial contract nonchalantly although

such affairs were rather elaborately performed.

All his relatives were gathered into one house to help celebrate the happy occasion. When the so-called bridal matron arrived at the bridegroom's house with the bride, the visitors to the wedding party rushed out to the entrance to welcome her. The matron helped open a red umbrella just as the bride was leaving the sedan chair. In fact the bride was carried on the back of the matron. At the same time the matron put the umbrella over her. The purpose of the red umbrella was to shield the bride from the unwanted looks of the evil spirits. The bride was carried on the back of the matron in the belief that she would thus not step on anything that the evil spirits might have set on the ground. In other words the bride must not let the evil spirits cast any spells on her. [Such practices are not much followed now.] The so-called bridal matron was an elderly woman who had many children and grandchildren. She was hired by the bride's family. The woman with such qualifications was hired because of the belief that through her influence the bride would have many children. In other words, she signified productiveness. This wedding celebration lasted a whole week.

Mr. Chee remained in China until a pair of twins was born. These happened to be boys. His parents, his wife, and he himself were extremely happy. Traditionally a boy as a

first born was welcomed with open arms, but two boys as first born children brought more joy into their hearts than gold. Then again they celebrated the happy event for three weeks.

Once more, Mr. Chee returned to California in 1899. This time he obtained a job in a Chinese import and export house as a buyer and bookkeeper. He was paid about eighty dollars a month and kept at this for a year. Then he sent for his own family who arrived in San Francisco in July 1901. After their arrival Mr. Chee opened a Chinese restaurant in one of the college towns in California. At first he did not hire any help. He and his wife ran this business alone until it became so very prosperous that they hired a cook and a dishwasher. They have been running this business for over thirty years.

Mr. Chee's wife and the two children took trips back to China within that period. The children were sent to Chinese school for eight years. Of course, the mother returned to San Francisco as soon as they entered school. During these thirty years Mr. Chee made about \$30,000 from his restaurant business and other business interests. He loaned \$40,000 to a cousin to buy real estate. Just recently he could not collect that loan, and the building was turned over to him with \$10,000 still due him together with inter-

est. Thus, Mr. Chee is worth \$40,000 and has, as well, other sources of income.

Mr. Chee is the father of two boys and a girl. Of the two boys, one is a civil engineer in China, the other is an aviator and radio operator. The daughter is a physician in China. Mr. Chee likes America. He often says that this is his adopted country. He likes the Chinese traditions which are fine. He doesn't like the way the Chinese were treated by the police in the San Francisco Chinatown. These police often violated the constitutional rights of the Chinese people. Outside of this matter he thinks the American people are very excellent. He likes their ideals very much.

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Daughter of Rich Landowner from Yamaguchi-ken

I was born in Yamaguchi-ken in a rural district, but we were not farming people ourselves. We owned acres of land which we leased out to tenant farmers who tilled the soil and cultivated rice and vegetables. These farmers labored from early morning until late in the evening every day, rain or shine, and their lot was indeed a hard one, for their very life depended on what work they did. Since they paid no rent in money for the use of the land, they were obliged to present their landlord with a certain percentage of all the farm products, usually about forty percent. They lived for the most part on the direct results of their labor, although they sold some products in order to purchase necessities other than food. In the evenings, and when things were not so busy in the fields they spun, wove, sewed, made mats and were occupied in other similar household duties in their homes.

My father and mother both died when I was still a youngster so that I lived with my grandparents. Since, however, by some stroke of luck in years past, we were proprietors of land, we never had any anxieties about our financial condition. Without our doing a stroke of work, we were royally presented after each season with

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